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HARD ROCKS

Non-Violent

Leather-Punks! The hot groupie made it "hard" for the rocker to concentrate on his music!

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT PICTURES INSIDE!

RATED XXX

Leather-Punk Rockers!
They got hot and hard!

ALL MODELS ARE 18 OR OVER

Hot-cunted groupies are one of the nice side benefits of being a rock musicians. The little pussies come with the territory. Every recording studio has a tiny room in the rear — the artists call it "Studio B" because the only piece of furniture is a nice soft bed — and that's where the musicians test out their new female fans. As long as the chick's over eighteen years of age, she's fair game!

In the photos ahead, we see one groupie getting the treatment. A cute little blonde, she snuck into the recording studio to get a crack at her favorite heavy metal musician. Naturally, he ended up getting her crack . . . and filling it with his stiff pecker. She blew his dick right in the recording booth, and then they headed for "Studio B."

The luxurious little bedroom featured lush red decor and a bed covered in sleek gold satin. It's nothing but the best for the rock artists, and this one tumbled the lovely young blonde in sumptuous surroundings. Then . . . out came the leather. The chick had worn a studded leather belt, black leather miniskirt and black panties into the studio — knowing her idol's preferences — but in that bedroom she found herself swimming in leather, thongs and belts and strange garments . . . not to mention a long riding crop and thick paddle that stung her young white flesh!

HaRd RockS

The rehearsal was over, but Denny stayed on to run a few musical ideas across his keyboard. Just when he figured he had things down pat and could wrap it up, he heard a sound that made him glance up. A blonde chick had snuck into the place and was standing awestruck, watching him play.

"Gosh," she finally managed to gasp. "Denny Danger. And I'm this close!"

"You can get even closer if you'd like," the guy chuckled, reaching out as he stopped playing to give her a pat on her smoothly rounded little rump.

The girl was leaning right on top of his instrument, her

shapely ass thrust out, the white-skinned cheeks peeking out from under an ultra-short miniskirt. His hand caressed the flawless flesh, feeling upwards to the silken smoothness of a pair of tight bikini-style panties.

"You like my ass?" she asked hopefully, her voice that of a little girl.

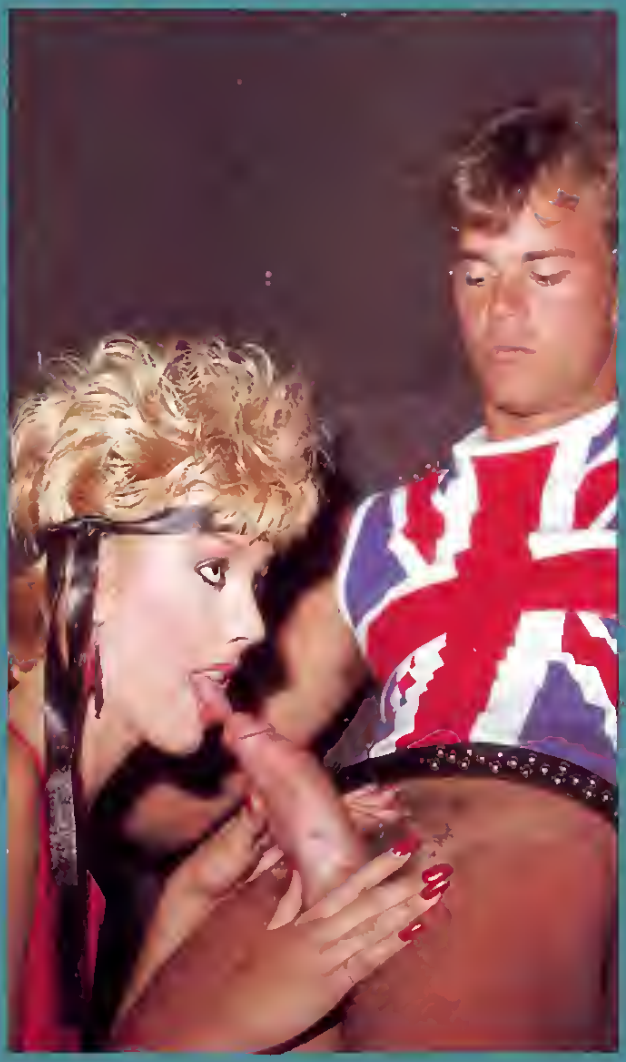
"I can't complain," the musician said with a grin. "I've seen worse."

By then, the blonde had upped her little skirt to gladly show him more. She wiggled her backside, only the middle third covered by the thin black panties that the guy could now completely see. What a cute butt, he thought as he massaged the firm, pear-shaped buttocks, and what a lovely fox she is! He rose from his seat, and as the wide-eyed cutie's gorgeous face came closer, and he saw her lips part with pure lust.

Then Denny was kissing the girl, and after she gasped just once with an excited intake of air, she

returned his hotly affectionate kiss. Their tongues touched, and first his and then hers invaded the other's mouth. The young rock musician felt his cock stir in his pants, then felt it stiffen and grow longer. His hand still fondled her ass beneath her tiny black skirt, and his palm was pushing the fine fabric of her scanty panties into the tight cleavage between the two firm cheeks.

Then the guy settled back into his seat, pulling the chick onto his lap. She cuddled up to him, cooing and



"OH-H, THAT'S IT! FUCK MY FACE!!"

sighing, her eyes glazed with pleasure. His swift-moving hand had already slid the strap on one shoulder of her flashy blouse down to the forearm, and a second later a single breast popped into view.

"You like my tittie?" she asked hopefully, as the shapely, smooth-skinned breast bobbled before his eyes.

"I like what she looks like," Denny kidded, "but let's see what she tastes like."

Then he bent over and his lips caressed the silky skin of the jiggling tit. Soon his lips were pursed over the nipple, and he could feel it harden in his mouth. The little blonde groupie was really turned on!

"I sure dig your scene," she managed to say. "I'm a singer too. Punk. Can I cut a record with you and the group?"

"I'll have to see you perform," he said, patting her ass. "You perform right for me and I'll see what I can do for your career."

"Let's go," the blonde said, eyes sparkling. She jumped from his lap, leading him by the hand in the direction of the recording booth.

Briefly, the girl gave a demonstration of her warbling, and then Denny chimed in.

"You're pretty good," he laughed, rubbing her ass again. "Say, what's your moniker?"

"Monica."

"That's what I'm asking," he came back seriously, as he rubbed her half-exposed tit with the other hand. "What is it?"

"Monica! I told you."

The guy just shrugged, then changed the subject. He began to raise his shirt — a tank-top version of the British flag — pulling it out from under a metal-studded black leather belt. Then he began to lower his pants too. Suddenly, his thick cock sprang out of his pants, already hard and bloated.

"You like this thing?" he asked. "O-h-h-h, I love it!"

HE PLUNGED HIS ROD DOWN HER THROAT.

HE KISSED HER CUNT, SAVORING HER SWEET JUICES.

The girl no sooner spoke than her hand leapt out for the guy's dick. As he cuddled her tittie, she squeezed his hot, thick piece of meat. Then he was licking his way down the spherical form of her knocker, wetting the girlishly fine flesh of the jiggling boob. He copped a squeeze on the crotch of her panties too, then carefully drew aside the thin panel of black fabric, stretching the legband of the underpants to reveal the soft little mound of her pussy.

"Oo-wee!" the guy yelped at the sight of her clefted cuntal mound, lightly fuzzed with fine blond hairs. "That's some little twat! Look, if you really want me to help you start a singing career, show me how well you can vocalize . . . on my dong."

"You mean . . . you want me to . . . you want me to put your thing in my mouth?"

"Yeah. Show off your musical abilities. Blow a nice little tune on my skin flute."

The girl flushed a bright crimson, then swallowed hard. By the time she spoke, she was already on her knees.

"I can't wait," she said. "I dreamed about this. Blowing one of the guys in the band."

"Anyone special?" asked the keyboardist, as her lips began to curl around the swollen head of his dick.

"Yeah," she admitted shyly, just before she wolfed down his whole rod. "The drummer."

Then she was sucking away on his prong, as the dude just shrugged and stared down at her. He enjoyed the way she was servicing him and felt she had a career despite her limitations as a thrush. The more she sucked on his cock, the more convinced he was that she deserved a full-fledged try-out, and that meant a move to Studio B. It was a special little room that every recording studio had, a back chamber with a bed. That's where the "B" came from.

"C'mon, babes," Denny said. "Slip those lips off my prick and we'll go into the next room for some real fun."

The girl did as she was told, getting her skirt and blouse straightened out as

SHE STOOD, BENT AT THE WAIST, THEN COVERED HIS COCK WITH HER MOUTH.

she rose. The musician pulled up his pants and smoothed down his tank top, then put a guiding hand on the back of

"OH, EAT MY PUSSY AGAIN. PL-E-E-EASE!"

the girl's waist and directed her down a long hallway to the famous back room.

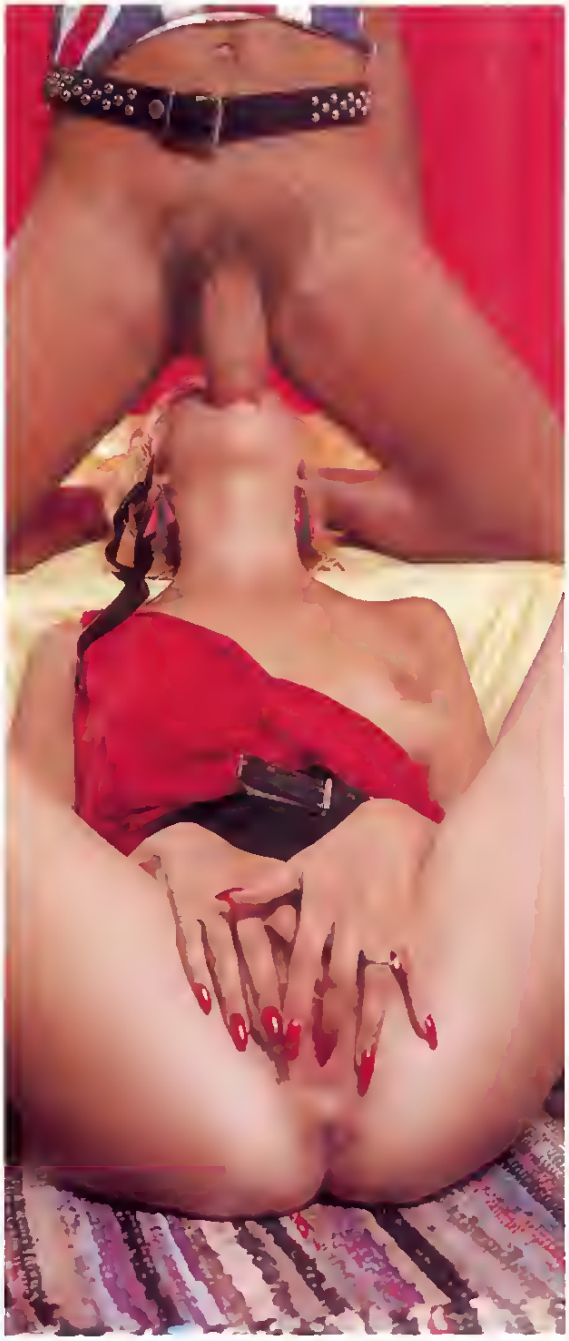
Once inside and the lights put on, the blonde's eyes popped wide open at

the luxurious room, red-walled and outfitted with a nice-sized bed. Mattress and pillow cases were covered in gold satin, lighting was subdued and subtle.

"Are you sure this is a studio?" she asked innocently.

"It's the place where groupies are tested out," Denny said, as the girl dropped to a sitting position on the corner of the big bed.

SHE TILTED HER HEAD WAY BACK AND GULPED DOWN HIS DICK.



After looking around, Monica's gaze fell on the crotch of the musician's sleek black leather pants. Her little heart must have jumped at the sight of that bulge, because she quickly reached up and began to stroke it. Before her eyes, the guy peeled down his pants and kicked them aside. His rod stuck straight out with excitement, as he replaced her on the bed. Now she was standing before him, pulling up her black miniskirt to give him a nice view of her panties.

"You can pull 'em down if you'd like," the blonde groupie said in a seductive voice.

"Don't mind if I do," Denny said. He hooked his thumbs in the elastic waistband of the girl's thin panties, then eased them over the voluptuous curve of her hips. Her flat belly and the nifty little

blonde triangle of her girlish pubic hair came into view, as he lowered her panties to her thighs. Bending jerkily in a compulsive movement, he pressed his face into the girl's

AS SHE BLEW HIS COCK, HE FINGER-FUCKED HER PUSSY.

bush, drawing in the scent of her moisture. Then he kissed her cunt reverently.

Pulling back, he drew up her panties again, enjoying the sight of her sensual pelvic region, clad in the sleek black silk of her underpants. He guided her over to the bed beside him, and as she leaned way back to a reclining position, he pushed her thighs apart and went for her cunt again, the plump, clefted mound now protected by the panties. Drawing them aside at the legband, he got a perfect view of her slit, the pink innards now unguarded as her legs spread dramatically.

"What a cunt!" he muttered, and then his voice was lost in the curls of her pubic hair and the folds of her cuntal flesh.

Denny ate the girl's pussy till he felt her body shake with a climax. Then he straightened up and spoke.

"We're going to need the right paraphernalia for this," he said, rising.

He went to a chest and came out with all kinds of things. The girl sat bolt upright on the bed, amazed at the things that were coming out of the drawer. She saw plenty of black leather straps, metal-

studded, what looked like a thick leather vest fashioned from medallion-bedecked squares of very heavy black leather all held together with thongs threaded through brass eyelets, a big brown leather paddle and a long thin riding crop . . . a beautiful, elegant thing.

"Wow. I've never seen stuff like that," the chick said, as Denny got back to the bed. "You Britishers are into some pretty heavy stuff. The English curse and all that!"

"What makes you think I'm English?" he asked, settling onto the bed beside her.

"Your shirt," she came back quickly. "Union Jack. Where are you from, Denny?"

"Livermore. We're all from there."

"You mean Liverpool. You're Liverpudlians."

"No, Livermore. California. They call us Livermorons. We're not too smart."

The girl giggled uncontrollably. "You're smart enough to get your cock sucked," she was finally able to say. "Show me where all this leather goes."

"All right, love."

Denny began to sort out the stuff. The girl pulled out one long, thin leather

A LEATHER THONG SQUEEZED THE ROOT OF HIS COCK . . . AND

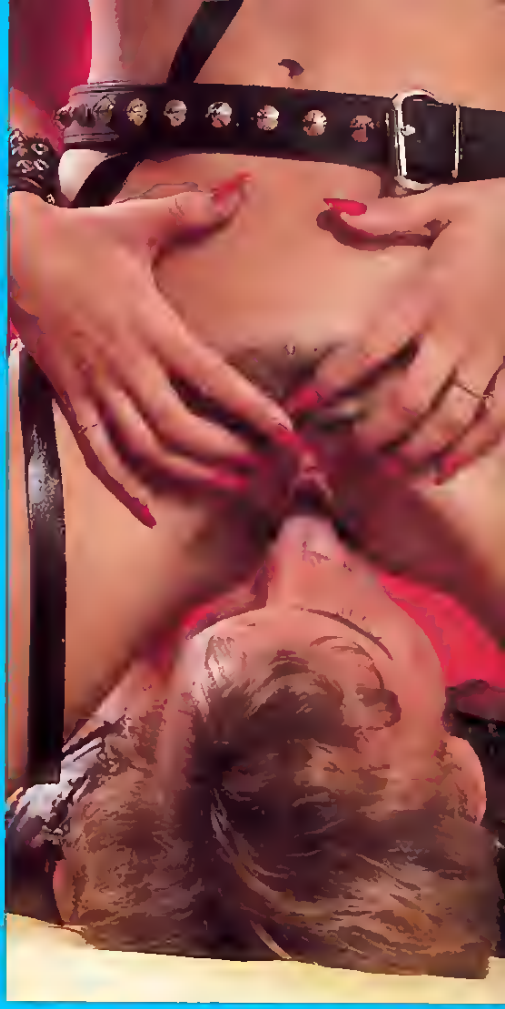
HER LIPS SQUEEZED THE HEAD.

HE STOOD LEATHER-LADEN FOR A FIERCE BLOWJOB.

strap and wrapped it about the base of the guy's prick. Then she pulled on it, leading him towards the edge of the bed. Seconds later, he had her flat on her back with her head hanging off the edge, and he was straddling her chest on his knees. She tugged on the leather, drawing his dick closer to her mouth, and then she slid her lips over the helmet-shaped cap. She began to guzzle the guy's dick, sucking madly away.

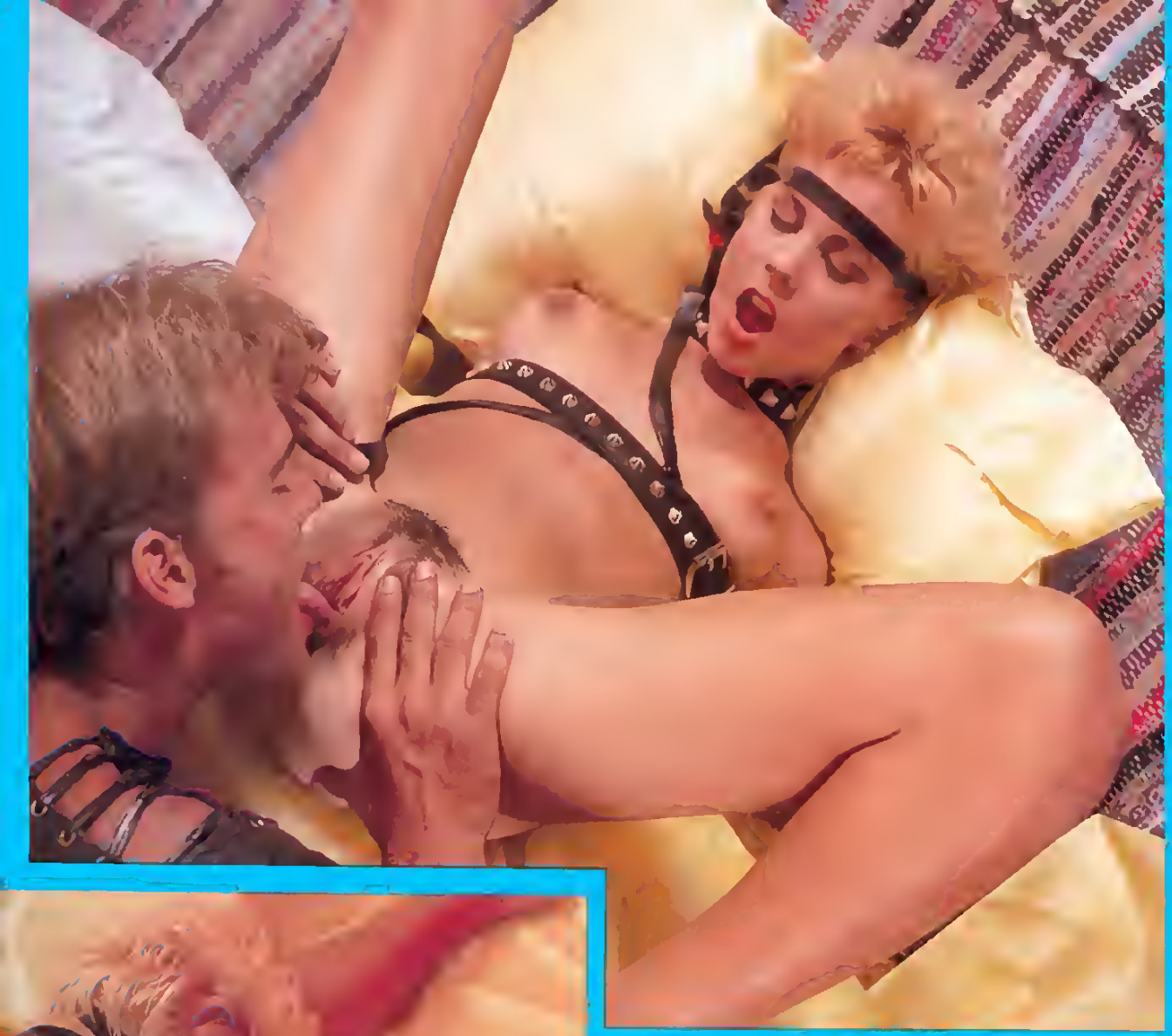
Then the chick slid to the floor, sitting with her back propped against the bed. Denny was kneeling precariously on the very edge, aiming his hard dick straight downward. The blonde tilted her head all the way back, opening her mouth to make a straight tunnel all the way down her gullet. In went the long pecker, descending into her throat. She deep-throated the guy in that sword-swallower's position, giving him thrills the likes of which he'd never felt in his life.

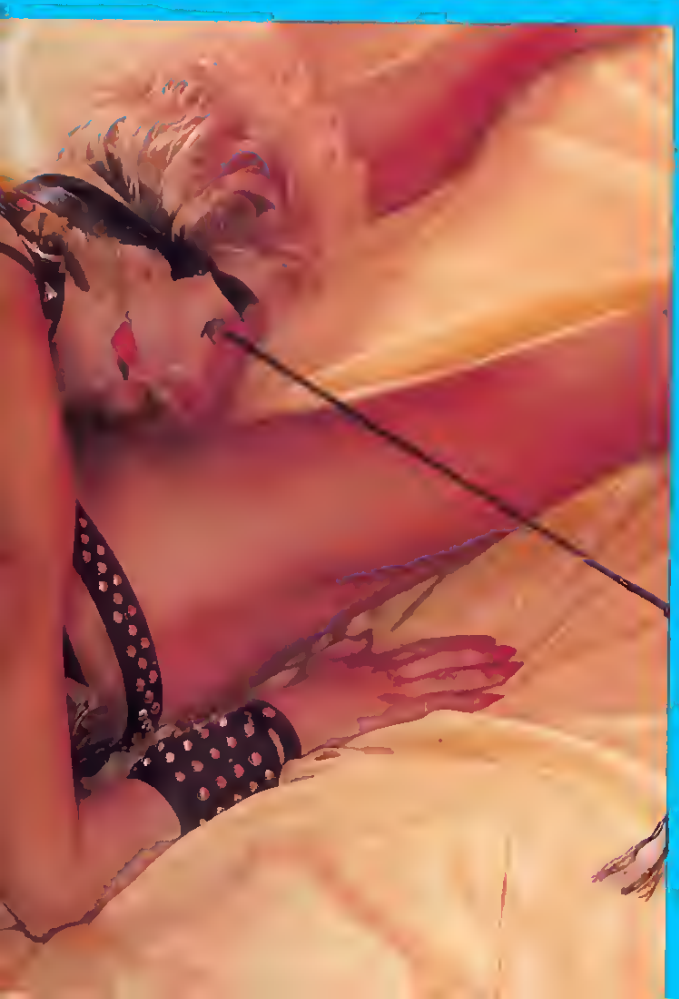
The guy went wild, dragging her up onto the bed. Then, as she lay flat on her back, he stood right over her, feet on the



mattress. Lowering his body, he fed his dick to her open mouth, then reached down to finger-fuck her hot little pussy as he slid his bone in and out of her wildly sucking mouth.

After that, the two of them stripped stark naked and then Denny donned the heavy, leather-plated vest. He put some of fancy black leather on the girl too, fitting metal-studded cuffs to her wrists, a matching collar to her neck and a belt around her waist. Black leather criss-crossed her body and his, making the two





of them look as if they were ready for gladatorial combat.

As he stood over her, she knelt at his feet and humbly sucked his cock!

"Oh, eat my pussy again, Denny. Please. Suck my twat for me, will you dear boy?"

"All right, darling," he came back, and then he positioned himself on his back on the bed, head nearly hanging off. "Squat right over my face and I'll eat you out, love."

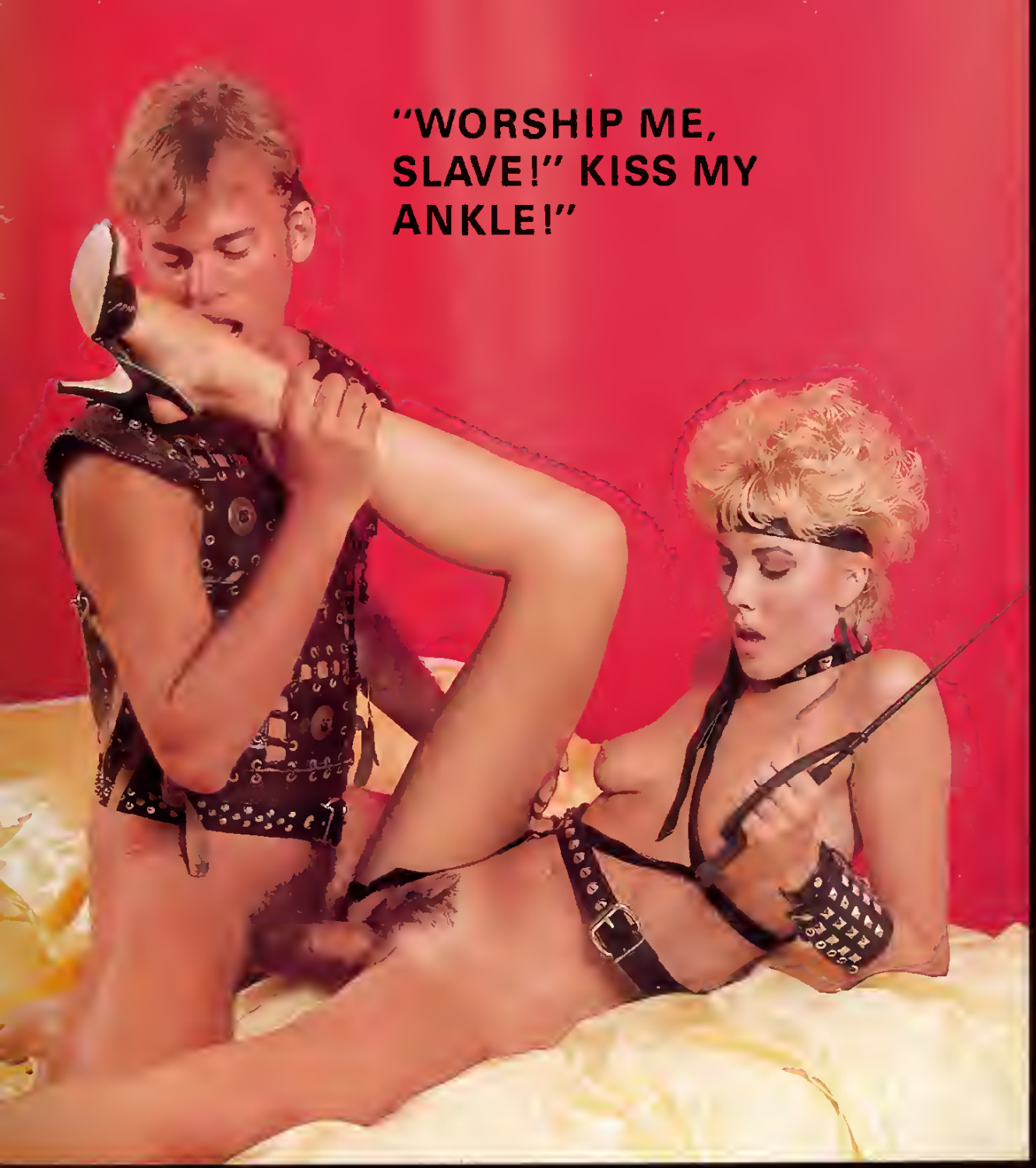
She did, standing over him and bending her knees to press the hot, wet slit of her pussy to his willingly parted lips. Then he sucked her out, giving her one furious orgasm after another. Rising, she brought her pussy over his up-thrust cock, and then she was sitting over his loins with his dick up her cunt. She fucked up and down, coming again and again, as the guy just relaxed back and enjoyed it.

"M-m-m, this is heaven," the guy had to admit. He'd fucked many a groupie, but this was the best sex he'd ever gotten in his young life.

He was now lying sprawled on the bed with his legs dangling off the end. The girl was over him, doing all the work. She straddled his loins, cock up her tight little cunt, riding him slowly up and down. She was moaning, sighing, experiencing multiple orgasms, thrilling to the sensations of that thick cock in her tight, girlish pussy.

"Enough of this sissy sex," the guy finally said, rising and pushing her off him. "Get on your hands and knees girl. I'm going to fuck you good."

Submissively, she knelt for him on the bed, as he got in behind her, standing right up on the mattress and lowering his cock to the level of her ass. His knees slightly flexed, he entered her cunt from the rear, hold-



ing the smoothly curving cheeks of her ass as he drove inward. Then he banged her hard, slamming his cock in and out with powerful thrusts. The new sensations, combined with the smell of all that leather, had the girl creaming at the crack, and he could feel the fresh lubrication as he drove his dick in and out at a fantastic clip.

As he slowed down, then backed off, the girl reached for that long, elegant rider's whip she'd noticed when he'd first brought out all the stuff from the chest. Brandishing it in the air, she began to threaten him.

"Worship me, you slave!" the girl said. "C'mon, Denny. Kiss my feet. Worship me!"

The guy laughed, bending over and taking one of her feet. He began to kiss the smooth flesh,

up their grasp on his dick the throbbing pole of flesh jerked out.

Then he shot off all over her ass!

Cock-cream glistened on the smoothly rounded cheeks of the teenaged blonde's naked backside.

He rolled over, his dick a limp, sticky noodle, and it was a long time before either of them stirred. The babe came around first, taking a look at his flaccid cock and wishing it could be hard again. She climbed over the prone man, getting

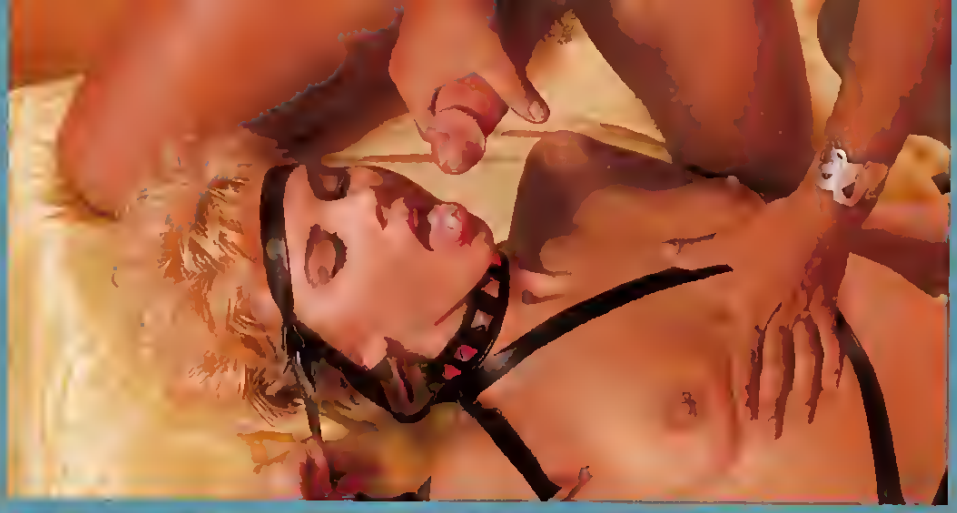
atop him on her hands and knees. Then she lowered her mouth to his limp prick and began to lick away at the crusted come that coated it.

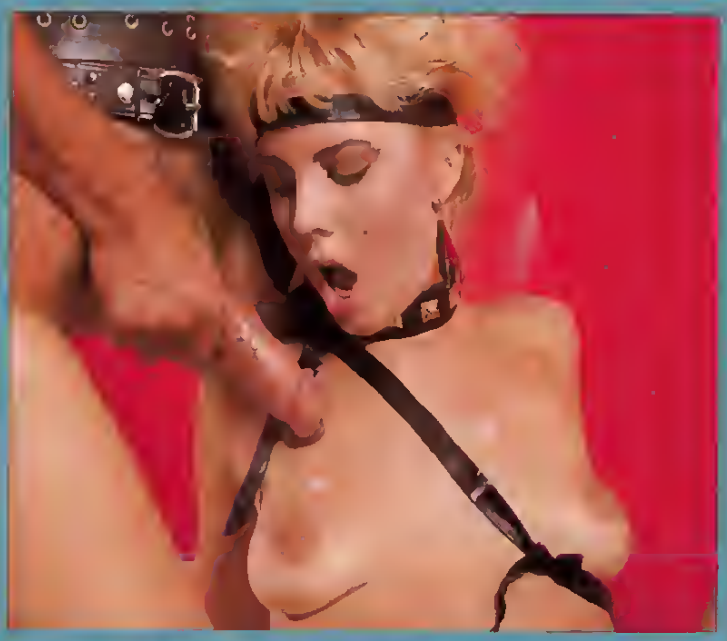
"M-m-m," she murmured, enjoying the dried cream she was lapping up, as if she were a cat licking milk.

After a time, Denny came back to the land of the living, feeling his dick start to tingle from the ministrations of the girl's tongue. He looked up. Her cunt was directly over his face. The sight of it made him laugh, her

Feeling his oats, the guy reached across the bed to fetch the thick leather paddle he'd brought out with the other kinky stuff. He began to whale away at her wiggling little ass, spanking her hard as she sucked his dick and he went on eating out her cunt. The sound of leather on female flesh incited him, and the stimulation seemed to be driving the girl on to greater achievements with her mouth. Her cunt was getting wet, but he sensed she still wasn't quite ready for a fuck. Besides, his dork was not fully hard yet. Perhaps the best thing was just to enjoy her cock-sucking and let it go at that.

Monica was already in a dick-licking frenzy. As Denny sat at the end of the bed, then lay back, she stood and bent over at the waist to go on sucking his rod from above. Then she was on her back and he was kneeling right over her face, feeding his dick down to her throat. She was going crazy, cock-sucking like mad, her tongue flicking and vibrating like a machine part!





Finally, the guy had stored up enough juice in his balls to shoot again, filling her mouth with jism, coating her tongue. Denny got her to a sitting position, and as his cock came out of her mouth he directed the bursts of his semen all over her body! Her tits were dotted with come, one pearlescent droplet clinging to the black leather strap that crossed her chest. It was kinky and raunchy and exciting to the young girl, who'd dreamed of making it with one of her rock music idols.

It had been a hell of a good time for the musician too. He figured the girl had passed her test in Studio B, made a name for herself on that big soft bed. She was now a certified rock groupie . . . prime fucking stuff for every guy in the band.